THE HUNTRESS.

EDUCATION—*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*—JEFFERSON

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THE HUNTRESS

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BY

MRS. ANNE ROYALL.

At the corner of North B. and third St. Capitol Hill.

SELECTED TALES.

THE CRUEL REVENGE.

Legand of the Haunted Castle.

On a branch of the Gundalquiver, which loses itself among the heights of Sierra Neveva, may be seen to this day, the remains of an old chateau, whose bare and blackened walls frown in grim majesty upon their silver waters, which now mirror only desolation. Thick moss has grown over and obscures the once valuable memorials of an almost regal pride and magnificence. A heary, matted mass of ivy covers and partially supports the decaying and crumbling tower which stands on the left side of the castle; its angle of inclination is so great that the tottering old ruin seems momentarily on the point of falling, and will invariably crush in its descent the gay group of young orange trees, whose glossy leaves and graceful wavings convey to an imaginative mind the idea, that they rejoice in being the only living things which dare to look cheerful in a spot so melancholy and desolate; the prospect is even worse on entering the house. The only furniture of the large, dark and dismal hall, which is ornamented with grotesque carvings of saints and angels, consists of an antique, worm-eaten picture, half fallen from its frame. It is a portrait: and the brilliancy of a few tints which have bid defiance to time, testifies that the forgotten form of the original was once clothed in gay and costly attire.

Crumbling balustrades and crazy staircases forbid the most inquisitive adventurer to persue his investigations much farther, and the terror of the superstitious guides—for there is no heart which does not quail in the vicinity of that terrible ruin—urges the traveller to leave the bats and reptiles in undisturbed possession of their accustomed haunts.

For myself, I felt a strange and peculiar sentiment of enjoyment in lingering among the scattered and decayed monuments of ancient grandeur. These appear in the magnificient proportions of the buildings and surrounding grounds, through the hands of taste can no longer be discerned amid the desolate chambers of the houses—or the quarled and matted masses which probably in former days ornamented the pleasure grounds and gardens; their dark and heavy luxuriance now makes the ruin more sombre and forbidding.

The opposite side of the river is equally desolate, although tradition tells us, that in the palmy days of splendor, when the old "Castillo de Vorres" was the wonder and admiration of the country, from Seville to Grenada, it was rendered scarcely less attractive, by a lovely unostentatious villa, whose former site is still pointed out.

These situations are remarkable, as having been, in by-gone times, the witness of almost terrible domestic tragedy. The minutest particulars relating to it are treasured with care by the neighboring peasantry, although they affect a certain air of mystery with regard to them which caused me to enquire deligently before I arrived at the following particulars.

The Castle de las Torres, as I have said, was once the pride and glory of that portion of the country. Its master, a noble Marquis, in spite of hereditary pride, was reverenced and almost idolized by the peasants, whose descendants describe him as the noblest and most exalted of men, perfect in the graces and accomplishments of a knight and gentleman, handsome, intelligent, brave, and generous to profusion. —The lofty old walls which I have described as so startlingly desolate, were accustomed in those days to resound with music and mirth. Gay and gallant cavaliers contended upon the now matted and weed-grown lawn for the supreme beauty of their fair mistresses, whose flashing eyes and merry peals of laughter enlivened the halls now made slimy and loathsome by the reptiles which creep over them.

The last noble Marquis de las Torres, while still in the state bachelorship, had so impaired his finances by profuse hospitality and generosity, that he was fain to call to his aid his natural and acquired graces, in order to rescue himself from embarrassments. The reputation of these so won up on the heart of a wealthy and beautiful heiress, the Senora Isabel, whose years of discretion permitted her to dispose of her wealth and charms as she pleased, that he soon found himself a far richer, if not a happier man than he had ever been.

The lady no longer very young, was still singularly fascinating; her manners having attained a perfection of polish, which is rarely or never found in early youth. Her stately step and glorious black eye were probably as attractive as her vast fortune, to her admiring husband. Her temper however, was violent, overbearing and vindictive in the extreme, so much so, that she became the terror as well as admiration of the country. Many a harsh and cruel deed is recorded of her, though none so shocking and unnatural as the one which follows.

It was soon whispered that her husband, of whom she was intensely jealous, was happier any where than in his stately and sumptuous home. Any domestic contentions were however carefully concealed, & the Marquis always appeared the most devoted of husbands.

Nearly opposite the castle, on the other side of the river, arose the white walls of a less costly, but very beautiful residence, whose only occupants were an old man with a maiden sister, and a lovely granddaughter. This girl, whom they called Elena, attained her seventeenth birth-day on the eve of the festival of Santa Catarina, which was to be celebrated with great magnificence at the castle. She was very lonely, and so much so as to attract the Marquis's friends as they occasionally caught a glimpse of her graceful form on the front of the balcony which overhung the river. Many a sportive jest, connected with the fair neighbor who smiled so sweetly whenever she saw the Marquis, had passed the lips of the guests, and rankled in the heart of the Marchioness. Apparently the Lord of de las Torres either despised or neglected these hints, for he continued his frequent visits to the pretty rural villa, often spoke of its fair and almost unprotected inmate, with the admiration and affection of a fond parent.

On the eve of the festival of Santa Catarina, the young Elena de Castres sat alone on the moonlit balcony. The song had faltered on her lip, and the strings of her guitar had snapped one by one, as she endavored to elict their wonted melody. She gazed with tearful eyes on the water, almost beneath her feet, whose unceasing ripples broke the bright moonbeams into a thousand atoms. But neither the beauty of the mirrowing water, nor the serenity of the sky, nor the snow-capped chain of the sirra Neveda losing itself in the distance & darkness awoke any pleasing sensations in her bosom. She was thinking how very gay the castle would be on the next day, and how gracefully Don Louis de Mendoza would dance the fondango, and how very cruel her aunt was to consider her too young and she, almost seventeen!

A manly footstep broke the stillness.—Elena sprang up, and flew to meet the Marquis with a degree of delight, which his fair lady would have very little approved.

'Oh, I am so thankful to you for coming,' said she. 'My aunt has said positively I shall not go to the castle to-morrow.

And wherefore, miscorazoncita. Is she afraid of your meeting Senor Don Louis there?

Elena blushed and answered 'he will be there, and my aunt forbids me to go.'

'And you cannot succeed in softening the old lady's feelings towords your handsome young cavalier?

'Not at all,' sighed Elena, her heart is like a flint—she calls Don Louis a dissipated young man, and me a silly child.'

'Hard, hard indeed; laughed the visitor.'

'But in truth,' said the young lady, 'I believe a little intrigue is all she desires. She cant bear that I should marry quietly, without at least a half a dozen lovers to break their hearts on the occasion, or get up some kind of domestic romance for her amusement.'

'The old lady thinks she will live over again her youth in your conquests. It is not so?

'It is; she thinks me the image of herself, making due allowance for the degeneracy of the age, and she is continually telling me of her scores of lovers. For myself, I am quite content with one.'

'And your grandfather?'

'Oh, he never interferes. He puts implicit faith in the old Spanish proverb, that 'more a woman's will thwarted, the better she will be;' and therefore he leaves the matter entirely in my aunt's hands to insure my being brought to perfection!'

'And it seems your lover and yourself have determined to take the matter into your own hands, and elope in the confusion of to-morrow's festivities?'

"But there is no hope now, for she said positively, that I should not go.'

'Well? let me arrange this little affair for you. Suppose you seem quietly to submit to your aunt's decision; I will take care to have her out of the way by sending for her to the castle for the ostensible purpose of assisting in the preparations.'

At this juncture, although neither perceived it, a dark figure glided noiselessly up the river bank, and stood in a listening attitude behind a group of palmettoes, which effectually screened it from view.—The demon jealousy had promoted La Senora Isabel to dog her husband's footsteps, to hear and judge for herself.

'And then,' continued the Marquis, 'you can come unobserved to the castle in the evening. You had better come masked, for to tell the truth, the Senora is a little tinctured with jealousy, and she is so violent that it would not be altogether her prudent to meet her.'

'Yes, yes.'

'But meet me at the fountain of the Graces, near the western turret, and there shall this fair hand be disposed of at least to our satisfaction.'

'Noble Marquis.'

'Nay, nay, there is no time for acknowledgement to—I must hasten home, or my restless Senora may purchase send hither in search of me. Adieu, my vida. Wear this jewel to distinguish you to morrow, in case there should be any difficulty,' and placing on her hand a diamond of rare magnificence he took his leave.

The young girl gazed after him, till he was out of sight; and then with a heart full of hope, and head crowded with gay fancies she entered the house.

With very different feelings did then Marchioness wend her way homeward. Her boatman, who with their little barge lay concealed in the shadow of the bank, were heared afterwards to say that the appearance of their mistress as she bared her hands to the moonbeams was that a beautiful demon.—Her eyes glistened like those of a serpant, and her delicately chiselled features assumed the livid rigidity of a corpse. Long cherished doubts had hitherto fostered her mind with jealousy, and the seeming confirmation of her suspicions now goaded her to madness.

Ere she reached the oppposite bank of the sparkling river, her dark resolution had been formed.—Wrapping the black mantilla around her head, she hastened to her chamber, and there having secured herself from the intrusion of any living or moving object, save the flickering moonbeams which played upon the floor, she brooded over, and arranged her scheme of vengence, the very horror of which nerved her resolution. "Aye, aye, that fair hand shall indeed be disposed of the satisfaction of one whose interferance they little dread.

The possibility of her mistake never for a moment entered her imagination. The increasing coldness of the Marquis had long excited her imagination, and she had ever been on the watch to discover the cause—never for an instant suspecting that her own violent passions had alienated the affection of her own husband whom she idolized.

The following morning rose bright and clear upon the gilded turrets and crystal fountains. Preparations were making to celebrate with all the magnificience customary in the age and nation, the festival of Santa Catarina, less in honor of the saint herself, than of the Knigs of Catharine, who were sojourning in the castle.

The day were on until the hour of siesta arrived, and every one wearied with the heat and fatigue of the morning, sought rest and repose. The Marchioness again wrapped the mantilla around her stately person, and descended to the boat. The drowsy boatmen were aroused, and again the lady approached the enchanting villa of Las Chastres.

Softly she assended the sloping bank, and met no one to interrupt her progress. She entered the house, and, without being observed, gained the chamber of Elena. The room was small, but fitted up with an exquisite degree of neatness, emblematical of the innocence and virgin purity of its occupant. On every side were seen the simple but elegant preparations for the festivities of the evening. The gala dress lay upon the bed, and the choicest perfumes were on the table. A wreath of orange flowers for the hair and a gold rosary with its sparkling cross were placed on a small marble near the bed, and even the delicately embroidered slippers were ready for use. The fair mistress of the chamber breathed softly in her child-like sleep.—Apparently pleasant fancies occupied the mind of the unconscious girl, for a smile half parted the rose-colored lips, so sweet that it might have softened the heart of her vindictive enemy, had not, at that moment a spark of light from a diamond of singular beauty, gleamed upon her sight. She recognized her husband's ring on the delicately beautiful hand which hung carelessly in it's unconscious grace. This steeled her heart, and sealed the fate of her victim. She cautiously dropped a portion of the contents of a small vial, containing poison collected from the fangs of the cobra di capello, on the half open lips. In a few moments the blood quietly retreated from the cheeks, giving place to large black spots; the white bosom heaved violently for a short time, and then became perfectly still, the form of the loveliest maiden in Andalusia rapidly changed into a livid and blackened corpse. But death itself did not satify the cruel and vindictive woman. She drew from its silver sheath a sharp stiletto, and without quailing, without even shuddering, she severed the hand from the delicately rounded arm, then, rearranging the drapery, drew close the curtains, and with drew from that dark and dealthy chamber, with no emotions other those of gratified revenge and triumph.

* * * *

Noblemen, bishops, knights and ladies—the beautiful and the gay—ecclesiastics and laymen—the wise and the foolish—the young and old, crowded around the extensive tables which groaned under all the splendor that wealth and taste could heap upon them. The pillars were garlanded with gayest wreaths. Lights flashed around the columns, and along the verandahs, and throughout the trelliced walks. Light every where—and jewels of priceless value blazed, and were eclipsed by brighter eyes. Loud peals of laughter, and loud & merry jests resounded through the lofty halls. Wine circulated freely, and the songs were repeated with accompaniments of trumpets, drum and fifes—and brave knights loudly proclaimed the beauty of their mistresses, and challenged the world to produce their equals. The ladies stretched forth their swan-like necks, and encouraged their champions with bright smiles and grateful applause. The Marchioness moved conspicuously among all these; for her noble bearing and magnificent beauty, coupled with a grace and affability which won all hearts, and never showed more remarkable than on this memorable evening.

"A gift," proclaimed the herald, "a gift from La Senora Dona Isabel to her noble lord on his installation as Knight of the Holy order of Santa Catalina—a badge to to distiinguish his person, and a talisman to preserve his courage." Methinks your Marquis is a loving lord,' said the young knight Hon. Louis de Mendozen, he wears no colors save those of his lady wife, and places his lance *in* rest for no other beauty."

Every eye was turned on her with admiration, and the Marchioness smiled haughtly.

The page at that moment approached his lord bearing the gift, supposed to be a scarf embroidered with his lady's hair or lettered with name or motto. It was enclosed in a box of embossed gold, on which was inscribed in precious stones the following motto, "A talisman to stir up the heart of the most noble and vliant, the Marquis de las Torres." With a flashing eye and lips wreathed in smiles, the nobleman prepared to adorn his shield with the gift of his transcendantly beautiful wife. He carefully unwrapped fold after fold of the silver tissue. in which it was enclosed —but he turned cold as marble, when a delicately formed hand, with the well known ring on one of the stiffened fingers touched his own.

Traditional records are unable to present any picture of the tumult which ensued. Lights were extinguished, and overthrown in the general confusion, with its cause very few were acquainted, but among these was Don Louis de Mendoza.

Hundreds sought the Marchioness, but she was gone. She had disappeared in the confusion without leaving a trace behind her. They sought her throughout the castle, the surrounding grounds, the villa of Las Castress; and there they met with an object which quickened their anxiety. But she was never found. Whether kindred evil spirits guarded her from human vengeance, or whether she found refuge in some of the many subterranean passages with which the castle abounded, cannot be told.—They say she has never since been known to hold communion with any mortal agent.

The festivities of the castle were never renewed. Don Louis and the marquis waited only long enough to cover the bier of the loving and beloved Elena, with the choicest flowers, then choosing, for the badges, boughs, of yew and cypress, they wended their way to Mount Sinai, to guard the tomb of the saint, to whose order they belonged.—Thence they never returned, and the castle was thereafter entirely deserted, for the Marquis was the last of his family, and had there been scores of heirs, none probably would have ventured to take possession of the mansion which has been considered ever since, as the solitary abode of the dark and terrible lady, There say the peasants, she drags out an existence prolonged beyond that of mortals to suffer more than mortal torture, there her shrieks for mercy, which in her power she never showed, are unheeded and her repentance unavailing.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1844

SUNDAY SCHOOL PROCESSION IN BALTIMORE.

For our part we cannot, for the soul of us, understand the motive of marching children through the streets as a show, and particularly little girls. It would not look so bad were it confined to boys. It may give them a boldness and freedom of body, and teach them the regular military step which might or might not be useful to fit them for the army. But as to promoting piety, inculcating morality, or christianity—or acquiring that useful knowledge which is to fit them for the pursuits of any honest calling—we cannot perceive in what manner these "marches." as the children call them—are to contribute.

But, say they, they have their teachers, and pious ministers with them in the processions—"these pray and sing with them." So they do. But is it the marching through the streets that sanctifys this religious exercise? Or does the religious exercise sanctify the marching? If it be true in either case, why do we have churches? If true christianity can be instilled into the minds and the hearts of boys and girls, by marching through the streets, it is one of the happiest discoveries ever made since the days of the Apostles, and we should recommend it to all lovers of the christian faith, to use their influence with the people, who suffer so much from the increasing wickedness of the times, to give up church-preaching, and take to the streets, for if we judge by the fruits, and there is no other way, very little christianity is produced by church-preaching in these days. for instance, where is there more crime to be found, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, than in Baltimore. Three mobs, some murders, in and near Baltimore, assaults and robberies occurred within the same 24 hours of these processions. Nor can you name any day, so far as reports can be trusted, in any week, sundays particularly—in any street in Baltimore—which is not disgraced by mobs. assaults, thefts, robberies, arson, drunkness, gambling, and often murder!

Now these Reverend gentlemen of the No. 1, 2, 3, &c, &c. Who have been so *very* kind as to assume the ghostly care of these sunday school children, must possess the true gospel, or they do not. If they possess the true christian faith from on high, and are able to teach it at all, and to change the human heart from sin to righteousness—then they are highly censurable that they do not convert those wicked citizens in Baltimore who are being daily proved guilty of crime. If they are *not* christians—if they are not what they pretend to be, viz. true servants of God-men upon whom he has bestowed his spirit to preach the everlasting gospel, which brings forth the "fruits of righteousness, peace, & good-will toward men,"—they are those ,,who say, and do not."

"For they bind heavy burdens, and grevous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers."

And are more wicked than the unprofessing christian—they are more sinful than those who commit daily crimes. "Verily they will have their reward!"

But as we have often suggested. This parading of little girls through the streets as though they were drilling soldiery, is highly unbecoming to the female character. It is the mainspring of what is called the NEW SCHOOL, it stamps the countenance and manners with masculine boldness, not free from impudence, more conductive to the designs of their teachers perhaps, than that shrinking modesty, and blushing innocence the greatest ornament of woman, but has long since taken refuge in CATHOLIC seminaries, or banished to the wild virgin of the forest, one the object of these deadly hate, and the other, the object of their infamous, and too often successful designs!

To those who have the happiness and prosperity of their country at heart, it must be painful indeed, to witness the want of intelligence, in the blank countenance's of the many thousands of these sunday school girls who are to be the mothers of our future statesmen judges, and legislators!

But they call this "CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION." How can they teach that of which they are ignorant themselves, which is satisfactoraly proved by the rapid increase of crime under their "pious" instruction. Pretty instruction for females truely We are sorry it is not in our power to copy the whole of their "Divisions" and 'Marshals." Every 'Divisian' is commanded by a Marshal.

"As it is intended to move in general procession. at 2 and a half o'clock, precisely, it is absolutely necessary that each school be at the place of its division meeting by 2 o'clock to proceed thence, under the direction of the Marshals, to form the line of procession in Baltimore street, at Gay, extending eastwardly. To move, two abreast, from Gay street up to Baltimore street, on the south side-walk, to Eutaw street; up Eutaw, on the west side walk to Madison street, down Madison street to the north area of Washington's Monumen"

What sort of instruction is that which has neither mental nor religious improvement. It is more like military tactics, and rather war-like for christianity which is the religion of PEACE.

What part of the gospel of Christ do they take this military religion from? We presume Col. Bankhead of New York is their gospel.

From all that we have been able to discover these SUNDAY SCHOOLS, TRACTS, MISSIONARIES, AND THEIR WHOLE thousand, and one societies have but one steady aim viz. ☞POWER.☜

Gentlemen who have families in Baltimore ought to take warning by Rev. Mr. FAIRCHILD of Boston, whom it was found had converted rather more of his married sisters, than was agreeable to their husbands. From the deplorable state of society, we are inclined to believe it.

The following seems to illustrate our general opinion.

VERY POLITE.—The Philadelphia Times says, that, next to the Natives of our own country. the Chinese are the greatest bigots and blockheads, in the world. Very civil,

Richmond Star,

Mr Streeter being an advocate for LADIES fairs. to keep up the Church and State party, viz. to build churches, and support the pious clergy does not like the plaindealing of the Times. For our part we admire the Editors independence, in uttering what he takes to be true. In this he shows himself a true friend to his country. A true friend will always tell you of your faults.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

With the sunday schools are connected the tracts societies, and like them overspread the land, the following relates to them.

"American Ttact Society.—We learn from the New York Commercial, that the branch of this flourishing societh in New York city alone, now employs twelve city missionaries, and has the gratuitous services of about 1100 monthly distributors. It is stated also, that the issues of publications from the parent society's house, for the month ending August 15th, amounted to upwards of $19,000. Of one important work in three volumns, 22,000 copies have been printed within the last six months. The gratuitons issues of tracts have amounted to about 7,000,000 pages in five months. Thirteen steam power presses (equal to between 30 and 40 common printing presses) are now employed in the society's work." *Bal. Sun.*

If so much money or the half of it were expended in useful instruction, such as grammar and history to prepare chileren for the common purpose of life, they would have less crime, and fewer paupers in New York as it is we leave the public to judge of the improvement of morals in that city. "Twelve city missionaries"(!!!!)

THE ELECTION.

Although we take no side nor argument in the Presidential question, further than to aid the people, (so far as our very poor abilities go)—in ridding themselves of a party, who, from servants have become their masters. Yet we cannot forego a gentle confab with our old friend the Globe gentleman, who seems to be in great trouble about these elections.

It is not that we are an enemy to Democracy, so called, or even Locofocoism, which we are not. But we are opposed to the Demagogues, who by trick and artifice have not only rulled the government for twelve years, but held the Democracy in Egyption bondage during the time for sixteen years. What! Do they wish to hold the country in their hands for ever, a likely story indeed, what impudence. This may be despotism but is it republicanism. But listen to the Globe.

MORE LETTERS.

"Mr. Clay seems to be smitten with the thought of compassing the presidency by the tricks played off in Harrison canvass. There is nothing for him to do but to persuade the monopolists that he is in favor of the present 100-per-cent. tariff, while he satisfies the free-trade men that he enters thoroughly into their views of a horizontal-revenue-20-per-cent. tariff, and the revenue-tariff men that he goes for their object to convince the Texas men, &c."

"More letters" what a piece of impudence in Mr. Clay, how dare he to write letters without the consent of his sovereign, lord and master, the Globe man, really Mr. Clay you must take care how you take liberties with your betters.

"Mr. Clay seems to be smitten with the thought of compassing the Presidency, by the tricks played off in the Harrison canvass!' Whether Mr. Clay be smitten with the thoughts of being President or not; it is very clear that the people are bent upon making Mr. Clay President if they can, and we think it the very height of impudence for one man to put his opinion in opposition to the people of the United States.

Captain Josiah Sturgis, a small pamphlet of 34 pages, 12mo entitled "a brief sketch of the character and services of Capt. Josiah Sturgis of the UNITED STATES, Revenue servis, by an old friend and schoolmate." The pamphlet is printed in Boston—and the mechanical work is well done. So far as we are qualified to judge.

It appears that Capt. S. was "Born in the city of Boston, on the spot where *Oak Hall* now stands. His father was a respectable mechanic of the OLD SCHOOL, and kept upon a hat-store in Annstreet, upon the Idential city now occupied by Oak Hall."

After being educated at the public schools in Boston, Capt. Sturgis commenced his career at the age of 14 by shipping as a Cabin Boy on board the schooner, *Mary* Capt. *Percival* in 1809.

Finally from his gallantry, his honesty and perseverance. after sailing nearly over the whole Globe, he became a Captain in the Revenue Servis of the U. S. on board the Cutter *Hamilton*, New Bedford Connecticut in 1832 station. To the kindness of heart—from which springs every noble, and generous act of human nature, and that elevation of mind which soars above everything mean. Many gentlemen of the firststanding in Boston, have born ample testimony.

Amongst these we observe names whose memory well ever be cherished in our heart and known thoughout the whole commercial world, as men of great wealth, and respectability—viz.

Messrs. Thomas H. Perkins, Josiah Bradlee, & Co. William Sturgis, John Bryant, Israel Thorndike, T. H. Perkins, jr. Ignatius Sargent, Geo. C. Perkins, Isaac. Pr Davis, Thomas B. Curtis, Stephen White. &c.

The sketch abounds in acts of humanity, and interesting incidents, will be found highly entertaining.

☞Just as the last word was in print, we were told the pamphlet is a Hoax, & written by himself!!!!☜

The junior Editor of the Huntress, Mr. Fenton—is confined by sickness, but has nevertheless furnished a column for his own page (3d,) some whig songs, and an article upon a short remark found on our paper, returned by Hon J. Russel. as Mr. F. conceived he was the person meant.

☞See Texas question on 3d page. Get the pamphlet and read it.

THE HUNTRESS,

WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 5, 1844.

"I want no such Whig trash, falsehood and deceit. Henceforth I will not touch or handle the missile "The Huntress."

A number of our paper, of the 21st ultimo, with the above lines written upon its margin, postmarked "Saugerties, N. Y. Oct. 2" under cover of J. Russell's frank, is returned to us. It is evident, that his frank has been made use of by some tender-toed Locofoco, whose corns we have trod upon, and who takes this method of resenting the insult offered to his *understanding*. Mr. Russell is too much of a gentleman to act in this unbecoming way. It is true that gentleman *may* have authorised one of his servants to return the paper, but we are confident that he did not write, nor authorise any one to write for him, the insulting message published above. However this may be, we shall not trouble ourselves to determine. The shot has told somewhere. The "missile" has awakened the dormant sensibility of *one* Locofoco. If the truth is unpalatable, we cannot help it. We are none the less bound to disseminate it. It is our vocation. We have a duty to perform, and we intend to perform it, boldly, fearlessly, independently—regardless of consequence. Having no *selfish* object in view—receiving, nor expecting, no *consideration* for our labors, we laugh to scorn any and all efforts, from whatever quarter they may emanate, to intimidate or awe us into silence. As to the, vindictiveness of the leaders of the Locofoco party generally toward the Whig cause, we look for frequent displays of it. It is the only weapon they state to use, and we are not so selfish as to wish to deprive them of the comfort, which their abuse of Henry Clay, & through him, of the Whig party throughout the Union, afford them. Fire away, gentlemen—expend your ammunition as fast as you can—you will, it is to be hoped, unless you import a fresh supply from Manchester, have the less to do in *this* line, for the four years commencing upon the 1st day of March next.

A few words to the individual, whoever he may be, (we are certain he is no gentleman) who took advantage of circumstances to insult a woman, a widow—who, upon party grounds (this is Locofoco principle) sought to inflict are injury upon one who has numbered upwards of seventy years; the relict of a brave and gallant officer of the American revolution, whose lonely situation should bespeak for her the kindly ministrations of all gentleminds, and should effectually screen her from the vulgar attracks of the ignorant and licentious.

NEW WHIG SONG.

TUNE.—*Roll drums merrily.*—Published by request.

Rally whigs, rally to the charge,
Assume your armor and your targe—
Your foes are ranged in battle array,
Shall victory perch on their banner to-day?

Haste, haste to the polls away,
Triumphant we must be to-day,
Maryland, ere another sun,
Must see the battle fought and won.
Rally whigs, rally, &c.

Our privileges, dearly bought,
For which our fathers bravely fought,
Shall they be bartered, basely sold,
By England's agents, for her gold?
No! by the blood our fathers shed—
By memory—sacred to the dead—
By all our hopes of future good—
The scrilege shall be withstood
Rally whigs, rally, &c.

Hie to the polls with hearts resolved—
Think on the interests involved;
Your country calls—obey her voice—
In Harry Clay, behold her voice.
Where's the whig will the conflict shun?
One vote has oft a vict'ry won!
The Maryland boys know what they're at,
Hark to that shout—huzza for Pratt!
Rally whigs, rally, &c.

Now Chapman lies upon his back,
His pipe belayed by old Sengstack;
The Maryland coon makes th' feathers fly
Like snow flakes falling from the sky.
Rally whigs, rally, &c.

Now Amos strike your Texas flag,
And Blair hold up your Free Trade nag,
For he's laid up between you two,
And somebody else—I. Donno-hoo!
Rally whigs, rally, &c.

ANOTHER NEW WHIG SONG.

In eighteen-thirty two—
'Tis matter of history,
There reigned a King, whom you all know,
Who largely dealt in "glory."

This King would sometimes swear
By the "Eternal" God,
With lips profane, profanely dare
The Eternal's veng'ful rod.

This King had satellites,
Of whom he was the Sun:
A set of fawning parasites,
And *Kendall*, he was one.

In the kitchen *he* used to revel,
Rul'd the roast with a stein command:
All the sly *privy* jobs came straight to his hand,
Because he was head devil.

His smile was an ominous thing,
An "Omen" of evil to all—
For he carried about him the venemous sting
Of the serpent after the fall.

A prominent man was Amos K.
And all his private relations
From the public crib receiv'd full pay,
Beside their kitchen rations.

He grew at last so crabbed,
That his friends pronounced him rabid
For he coveted *all* the loaves and fishes,
"Candlesticks and silver dishes."

So he went on from bad to worse
Till he got past endurer,
And his selfish career, with many a curse
Was cut short by Van Bu ren.

"THE TEXAS QUESTION.

REVIEWED, BY AN ADOPTED *Citizen of twenty years Residence in the United States.*"

This is another pamphlet of 28 pages octavo, left on our table, a few days since. Though we have not had time to read the work through, we have seen enough of it to be gratified to find that Texas has so warm a friend in the writer. He places the Texas Question in a clear light, and unfolds the perfidy of the Mexican government, with great precision, and point, and discloses the baseness of Santa Anna in no very enviable light.

The friends of Texas will be anxious to get hold of a work which throws much light upon her history, and her wrongs.

The author does not give his name. But we know him. There is but one man in this country who could give such lucid views of the subject.

CURIOUS NAUTICAL ANECDOTE.—Old Shaw, a well known eccentric skipper of a Jamaica ship on entering the channel, at dusk, observed a suspicious sail edging down towards him. His vessel was pierced for eighteen or twenty guns, but had a few only mounted. To remedy the deficiency as far as show could do, the old seaman very deliberately ordered the carpenter to draw up the pumps, without delay, saw them into lengths, so as to represent guns, and place the pieces in readiness, to be run out at the port holes when he gave directions. To give effect to his ome, he directed a light in a lanthorn to be suspended over each port, and a man stationed at each, in readiness to make the display at the same moment. Thus prepared, when the darkness, set in he ran his ship close along side of the Frenchman a corvette of twenty-two guns, hauled up the hanging ports, showed his formidable row of 'teeth,' illuminated by his battle lights, discharged a musket (which would not be a fell, as one of his pop guns would have been) over the enemy, and through his great war-trumpet roared out, "Strike or I'll sink you!" The unexpected boldness of the manœver had its due effect; and extraordinary as it may appear, the astonished "Croppos" instantly complied, without an effort even to escape!

In a few hours, our old tar was safely anchored, in Kingroad. Perhaps in the anecdotal detail of maritime warefare there is scarceiy one to be found more laughably piquaint than this; and it is said that the obdity of the ruse and the oddity of the character who performed it were upon a parallel.—

THE COLUMBIAN LADY'S & GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE EDITED BY JOHN INMAN.

And filled with contributions from the most eminent and accomplished writers of the country.

The motives which have led to the commencment of this undertaking may be briefly stated. It is believed by the proprietor that there is in United States an immense provision of literary ability, for which as yet there is no adequate encouragement or field of display, that besides the number of clever and successful writers, whose productions are weekly, and monthly, and annually read with delight by thousand, there are yes greater numbers constantly arriving at maturity of power, who have only to appear on the stage of publication to receive a brilliant award of fame; and that the powers of those whose names are already pronounced with respect by lips wisest censure, are capable of more and still higher exertion than has yet been called forth. It is believed, too, that the demand for literary production in this country, especially in the periodical channel, exceeds the supply in a very large proportion, and that new supplies have only to be represented of the right quality, and in the right way, to ensure a hearty welcome and profitable reception. No doubt is entertained of the American mind's ability to sustain itself—certainly on its own ground, if not abroad—against all the competition that the intellect of other lands can bring to the encounter; and full assurance is felt that among the millions of American readers there can be, and is, a cordial welcome for all that American writers can produce of the excellent and interesting.

From these premises it is undoubtingly inferred, that there is abundant room for another Magazine, notwithstanding the merit and success of those already in being, that there can be no lack ability to fill its pages acceptably, within the reach of capital and liberal enterprise, and that such a periodical will not fail to be greeted as a welcome visiter by thousands, upon thousands, who as ye have done little or nothing toward the support an developement of American periodical literature.

Another and strong motive has been the feeling that New York, the first city of the Union, should be the home of a periodical owning no superior in either merit or success.

The Columbian Magazine will be published on the first day of every month. Its mechanical arrangements will compromise the best of paper, and type, and workmanship, that money can procure.

Its contributors will be sought for among the ablest and most popular writers in the country; and no efforts will be spared to secure the aid of the most distinguished, such as

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With many of these, arrangements have already been made as well as with others whose reputation issure, though yet to be established in the public regard. The proprietor entertains sanguine hopes of accomplishing an object to which he looks forward with pride—the secured co-operation of regular and occasional contributors, forming a list unequalled in this country.

In each number there will be two or more Engravings, after such artists as Chapman, Inman, Inman, Osgood, &c., W. Ormsby, &c., besides a plate of Fashions colored, and occasionally other illustrations, so that every subscriber will receive, in the course of the year, at least twenty-four elegant productions of the graphic art, which could not be otherwise procured at three or four times the annual cost of the whole Magazine.

In each number there will also be two pages of Music, original, or judiciously selected by a competent professor of the art. Proper regard will be paid to the current issues from the book press; not so much however, with a view to notice all the volumes that may appear, as to the expression of matured opinions concerning those which shall be deemed worthy of the public attention and confidence The aim of the editor will be, rather to furnish judicious criticisms, on which readers and purchasers may rely for guidance, than to present a mere laudatory chronicle of new publications.

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Editors who will insert this prospectus entire, and send a copy marked, and addressed to the Columbian Magazine, shall have a copy sent to them one year. Address, post paid,

ISRAEL POST, Publisher
3 Astor House.

May 25. 1844. 32-6t.

How this world is inclined to slander, said a maiden lady to an English nobleman; 'can you believe it, sir—some of my malicious acquaintances reported that I had twins!' 'Madam, I make it a point to believe only half what I hear,' replied his lordship.

A quaint writer terms man an omniverous, place shifting, time-consuming bibed.

Edmund Burke's celebrated pun, making 'majesty' 'a jest,' by 'stripping it of its exteriors,' is justly admired. Hood make nearly as good a one in a similar manner The same word, by the change of a single letter, gives the highest and lowest classes of society, viz: 'nobility' and 'mobility. The letter 'a' is said to be more valuable than any other to a deaf woman, because it makes 'her' 'hear.'

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER.

And record of medical scie ce.
Edited by Robert M. Huston, M.D., assisted by professors Thompson of Materia Medica and general Therapeutics, in the Jefferson Medical college, Philad. Medical Society, one of the physicians to the Phila. Hospital.

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

The support hitherto accorded to the Examiner has induced the present Editor to undertake its management, and to arrangements by which he hopes the value of that Journal will, for the future, be materially increased. A main and distinguished feature of the work Clinical Lectures delivered in this city and in Europe with Reports from the Hospitals and Dispensaries of Philadelphia. Original communications of real value contributed by some of the most eminent men in the profession, will appear from time to time. The Bibliographical Department will materially enlarged, and in future Critical and Analytical Reviews of the prominent Medical Publications in great Britain on the continent of Europe and in this country will be regularly given. In the Editorial Department all subjects connected with Ethics and Politics will be freely, but temperately discussed; it is in the Record chiefly however, that the main improvement is promised. A condensed Summary of all the articles of a Practicle nature, from all the Journals foreign and Domestic, prepared with the greatest care, with access to books difficult of access, will occupy a large space in each number. The Medical Examiner will thus offer a complete Record of Medical Science, and from the short intervals of publication, 'two weeks' the profession will be put in immediate possession of every fact of importance, on the arrival of the steamer.

During the past year Clinical Lectures from professors Ghunel, Roux, Reston, Hughier, Paris Horner, Mitchell, pancoast, Mutter, Dr. Randolph, W. Poyner, Johnson and Clymer hof philadelphia, and professor W. P. Johnson, washington D. C. have been published, we the Clinical Reports from the Philadelphia Pennsylvania, and Willis, Hospitals, and the Philadelphia Dispensary. It contains a variety of original papers from many of the most distinguished physicians of the United States, a parisian Correspondence, a Complete Bibliographical Record of all the new medical publications, numerous Editorials on the principal medical topics of the day, including a notice of articles on the condition of the Medical Department of the Navy together with a complete retrospect of the progress of Medicine, Surgery and Collatternal Sciences, during the past year.

The Examiner is published every Alternate Saturday, at Three Dollars a year, invariably in advance. It is printed on thick white paper, with clear new type, double column, imperial octavo.

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WILLIAM BENTER

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE

DOLLAR WEEKLY ADVOCATE.

THE proprietor of the "Georgetown Advocate" will issue, on Saturday, the 20th April,

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